

THE TEMPEST

by William Shakespeare

Edited by Tiffany Antone for The@trics Theatre

Characters

ALONSO, king of Naples

SEBASTIAN, his brother

PROSPERO, the right duke of Milan

ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping duke of Milan

FERDINAND, son to the king of Naples

GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave

BIG TRINCULO & LITTLE TRINCULO, Jesters

STEPHANO, a drunken Butler

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero

ARIELS - five elemental spirits: FIRE, AIR, WATER, EARTH, and ETHER

Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners

ACT 1, SCENE 1 - On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Master and a Boatswain

MASTER

Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN

Here, master: what cheer?

MASTER

Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't, yarely,
or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

Exit

Enter Mariners

BOATSWAIN

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts!
yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the
master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind,
if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, and GONZALO

ALONSO

Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master?

BOATSWAIN

I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO

Where is the master, boatswain?

BOATSWAIN

You mar our labour: keep your
cabins: you do assist the storm.

GONZALO

Nay, good, be patient.

BOATSWAIN.

When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers
for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

GONZALO

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATSWAIN.

None that I more love than myself. You are a
counsellor; if you can command these elements to
silence, and work the peace of the present, we will
not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you
cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make
yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of
the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out
of our way, I say.

GONZALO.

I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he
hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is
perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging.
(If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.)

Exeunt.

BOATSWAIN

Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower!
[A cry within]
A plague upon this howling!

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO

BOATSWAIN

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er
and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIAN.

A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATSWAIN

Work you then.

ANTONIO

Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker!
We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

GONZALO

I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were
no stronger than a nutshell.

Enter Mariners

MARINERS.

All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

BOATSWAIN

What, must our mouths be cold?

GONZALO

The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN

I'm out of patience.

ANTONIO

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards!

MARINERS

Mercy on us!

CRACK!

We split, we split!

THUNDER!

Farewell, my wife and children!

Farewell, brother!

CRAAAACK!

We split, we split, we split!

ANTONIO

Let's all sink with the king.

SEBASTIAN

Let's take leave of him.

Exeunt ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN

GONZALO

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an
acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any
thing. The wills above be done!

Exeunt

SCENE 2 - The island. Before PROSPERO'S cell.

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA

MIRANDA.

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. Poor souls, they perish'd.

PROSPERO.

Be collected; no more amazement.
Tell your piteous heart there's no harm done.

MIRANDA

O, woe the day!

PROSPERO

No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
'Tis time I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So;

Lays down his mantle

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul--
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

MIRANDA.

You have often
 Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
 And left me to a bootless inquisition,
 Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

PROSPERO.

The hour's now come;
 The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
 Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
 A time before we came unto this cell?
 I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
 Out three years old.

MIRANDA.

Certainly, sir, I can. 'Tis far off
 And rather like a dream than an assurance
 That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
 Four or five women once that tended me?

PROSPERO.

Thou hadst, and more, Miranda.
 But how is it that this lives in thy mind?
 If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
 How thou camest here thou mayst.

MIRANDA.

But that I do not.

PROSPERO.

Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
 Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
 A prince of power.

MIRANDA.

Sir, are not you my father?

PROSPERO.

Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
 She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
 Was Duke of Milan; and thou his only heir.

MIRANDA.

O the heavens!
 What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
 Or blessed was't we did?

PROSPERO

Both, both, my girl:

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,
But blessedly help hither.

MIRANDA

O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

PROSPERO

My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio--
I pray thee, mark me— that a brother should
Be so perfidious! --he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved and to him put
The manage of my state; for at that time
The liberal arts were all my study, thus
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle--
Dost thou attend me?

MIRANDA

Sir, most heedfully.

PROSPERO

Thy false uncle--having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; he did believe
He was indeed the duke. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough. Dost thou hear?

MIRANDA

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO

The King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

MIRANDA

Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again.

PROSPERO.

In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA.

How came we ashore?

PROSPERO.

By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Prospero resumes his mantle.

MIRANDA

Would I might
But ever see that man!
And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

PROSPERO.

Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dullness,

And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.

MIRANDA sleeps

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

SCENE 3 - Same

Enter ARIELS.

ETHER

All hail, great master!

WATER

Grave sir, hail! We come
To answer thy best pleasure;

EARTH

Be't to fly,

WIND

To swim,

FIRE

to dive into the fire,

ETHER

to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task

ARIELS ALL

Ariel and all his/her quality.

PROSPERO.

Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ETHER

To every article.

WIND

We boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,

ETHER

Now in the waist,

WATER

the deck,

EARTH

in every cabin,

FIRE

I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,
 And burn in many places; on the topmast,
 The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
 Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
 O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
 And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
 Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
 Yea, his dread trident shake.

PROSPERO.

My brave spirit!
 Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
 Would not infect his reason?

WATER

Not a soul
 But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
 Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
 Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,

FIRE

Then all afire with me!

ETHER

The king's son, Ferdinand,
 With hair up-staring,--then like reeds, not hair,--
 Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty
 And all the devils are here.'

PROSPERO

Why that's my spirit!
 But was not this nigh shore?

EARTH

Close by, my master.

PROSPERO

But are they, Ariel, safe?

WIND

Not a hair perish'd.

PROSPERO

Of the king's ship
The mariners say how thou hast disposed
And all the rest o' the fleet.

ETHER

Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst us up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:

WATER

The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
We have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet

WIND

Which I dispersed

WATER

they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,

FIRE

Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd
And his great person perish.

PROSPERO

Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.

EARTH

Is there more toil?

ETHER

Since thou dost give us pains,
Let us remember thee what thou hast promised,

FIRE

Which is not yet perform'd us.

PROSPERO

How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

ARIELS ALL

Our liberty.

PROSPERO

Before the time be out? no more!

WATER

I prithee,

EARTH

I prithee,

FIRE

I prithee,

WIND

I prithee,

ETHER

Remember we have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate us a full year.

PROSPERO

Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

ARIELS ALL

We do not, sir.

PROSPERO

Thou liest, malignant things! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

ARIELS ALL

No, sir.

PROSPERO

Thou hast.
This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died

And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
 As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island--
 Save for the son that she did litter here,
 A freckled whelp hag-born--not honour'd with
 A human shape.

ETHER

Yes, Caliban her son.

PROSPERO

Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban
 Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
 What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
 Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
 Of ever angry bears. It was mine art,
 When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
 The pine and let thee out.

ARIELS ALL

We thank thee, master.

PROSPERO

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
 And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

WIND

Pardon, master;

EARTH

Pardon.

ETHER

We will be correspondent to command
 And do our spiriting gently.

PROSPERO

Do so, and after two days
 I will discharge thee.

FIRE

That's our noble master!

WATER

What shall we do?

ETHER

Say what; what shall we do?

PROSPERO

Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in't: go, hence with diligence!

Exit ARIELS

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well; Awake!

MIRANDA

The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

PROSPERO

Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

MIRANDA

'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

PROSPERO

But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Enter CALIBAN

CALIBAN

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

PROSPERO

For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger
light, and how the less,

That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee
 And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
 The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:
 Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

PROSPERO

Thou most lying slave,
 Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
 Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee
 In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
 The honour of my child.

CALIBAN

O ho, O ho! would't had been done!
 Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
 This isle with Calibans.

MIRANDA.

Abhorred slave,
 Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
 Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
 One thing or other; when thou didst not, savage,
 Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
 With words that made them known.

CALIBAN

You taught me language; and my profit on't
 Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
 For learning me your language!

PROSPERO.

Hag-seed, hence!
 Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
 To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
 If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
 What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
 Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
 That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CALIBAN

No, pray thee.

Aside

I must obey: his art is of such power,
 It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
 and make a vassal of him.

PROSPERO

So, slave; hence!

Exit CALIBAN

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND following

ARIEL'S song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it feately here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!

Burthen
The watch-dogs bark!

Burthen Bow-wow
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

FERDINAND

Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell

Burthen Ding-dong
Hark! now I hear them,--Ding-dong, bell.

FERDINAND

The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

PROSPERO

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say what thou seest yond.

MIRANDA

What is't? a spirit?

PROSPERO

No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

MIRANDA

I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

PROSPERO

[Aside] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

FERDINAND

Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

MIRANDA

No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

FERDINAND

My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PROSPERO

How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

FERDINAND

A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld

The king my father wreck'd.

MIRANDA

Alack, for mercy!

FERDINAND

Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

PROSPERO

[Aside] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this.

To FERDINAND

A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

MIRANDA

Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

FERDINAND

O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

PROSPERO

Soft, sir! one word more.
[Aside]
They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.

To FERDINAND

One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

FERDINAND

No, as I am a man.

MIRANDA

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,

Good things will strive to dwell with't.

PROSPERO

Follow me.
 Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;
 I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.

FERDINAND

No;
 I will resist such entertainment till
 Mine enemy has more power.

Draws, and is charmed from moving

MIRANDA

O dear father,
 Make not too rash a trial of him, for
 He's gentle and not fearful.

PROSPERO

Who makest a show but darest not strike, thy conscience
 Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
 For I can here disarm thee with this stick
 And make thy weapon drop.

MIRANDA

Beseech you, father.

PROSPERO

Hence! hang not on my garments.

MIRANDA

Sir, have pity;
 I'll be his surety.

PROSPERO

Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
 Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
 To the most of men this is a Caliban
 And they to him are angels.

MIRANDA

My affections
 Are then most humble; I have no ambition
 To see a goodlier man.

FERDINAND

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
 My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,

The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
 To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
 Might I but through my prison once a day
 Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
 Let liberty make use of; space enough
 Have I in such a prison.

PROSPERO

[Aside] It works.

To *FERDINAND*

Come on.

To *ARIEL*

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!

To *FERDINAND*

Follow me.

To *ARIEL*

Hark what thou else shalt do me.

MIRANDA

Be of comfort;
 My father's of a better nature, sir,
 Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
 Which now came from him.

PROSPERO

To *ARIEL*

Thou shalt be free
 As mountain winds: but then exactly do
 All points of my command.

ARIELS ALL

To the syllable.

PROSPERO

Come, follow. Speak not for him.

Exeunt

ACT II

SCENE I - Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO

GONZALO

Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
 So have we all, of joy; for our escape
 Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
 Is common; every day some sailor's wife,

The masters of some merchant and the merchant
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

ALONSO

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANTONIO

The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEBASTIAN

Look he's winding up the watch of his wit;
by and by it will strike.

GONZALO

Sir,--

SEBASTIAN

One: tell.

GONZALO

When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer--

SEBASTIAN

A dollar.

GONZALO

Dolour comes to him, indeed: you
have spoken truer than you purposed.

SEBASTIAN

You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

GONZALO

Therefore, my lord,--

ANTONIO

Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

ALONSO

I prithee, spare.

GONZALO

The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEBASTIAN

As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

ANTONIO

Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

GONZALO

Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANTONIO

True; save means to live.

SEBASTIAN

Of that there's none, or little.

GONZALO

How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

ANTONIO

The ground indeed is tawny.

SEBASTIAN

With an eye of green in't.

ANTONIO

He misses not much.

SEBASTIAN

No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

GONZALO

But the rarity of it is,--which is indeed almost
beyond credit,--

SEBASTIAN

As many vouched rarities are.

GONZALO

That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in
the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and
glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with
salt water.

Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we
put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of
the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

SEBASTIAN

'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

GONZALO

Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

ANTONIO

That sort was well fished for.

GONZALO

When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ALONSO

You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

GONZALO

Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

ALONSO

No, no, he's gone.
Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN

We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.

GONZALO

My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

SEBASTIAN

Very well.

ANTONIO

And most chirurgeonly.

GONZALO

It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

SEBASTIAN

Foul weather?

ANTONIO

Very foul.

GONZALO

These gentlemen,
are of such sensible and nimble lungs that
they laugh at nothing.

ANTONIO

'Twas you we laughed at.

GONZALO

Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing
to you: so you may continue and laugh at
nothing still.

ANTONIO

What a blow was there given!

GONZALO

You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift
the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue
in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music

SEBASTIAN

We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

ANTONIO

Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GONZALO

No, I warrant you; I will not adventure
my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh
me asleep, for I am very heavy?

All sleep except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO

ALONSO

What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclined to do so.

SEBASTIAN

Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

ANTONIO

We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

ALONSO

Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL

SEBASTIAN

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO

It is the quality o' the climate.

SEBASTIAN

Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

ANTONIO

Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might?--No more:--
And yet me thinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

SEBASTIAN

What, art thou waking?

ANTONIO

Do you not hear me speak?

SEBASTIAN

I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?

ANTONIO

Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep--die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

SEBASTIAN

Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

ANTONIO

I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

SEBASTIAN

Well, I am standing water.

ANTONIO

I'll teach you how to flow.

SEBASTIAN

Prithee, say on:

ANTONIO

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuade,--
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,--the king his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
And he that sleeps here swims.

SEBASTIAN

I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

ANTONIO

O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

SEBASTIAN

He's gone.

ANTONIO

Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

SEBASTIAN.

Claribel.

ANTONIO

She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life.

SEBASTIAN.

What stuff is this!
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

ANTONIO

A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "Claribel! Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEBASTIAN

Methinks I do.

ANTONIO

And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

SEBASTIAN

I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO

True;
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

SEBASTIAN

But, for your conscience?

ANTONIO

Ay, sir; where lies that? Here lies your brother,
 No better than the earth he lies upon,
 If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
 Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
 Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
 To the perpetual wink for aye might put
 This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
 Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
 They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
 They'll tell the clock to any business that
 We say befits the hour.

SEBASTIAN

Thy case, dear friend,
 Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
 I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
 And I the king shall love thee.

ANTONIO

Draw together;
 And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
 To fall it on Gonzalo.

SEBASTIAN

O, but one word.

*They talk apart
 Re-enter ARIEL, invisible*

WATER

Our master through his art foresees the danger
 That you, his friend, are in; and sends us forth--
 For else his project dies--to keep them living.

ETHER

Sings in GONZALO's ear
 While you here do snoring lie,
 Open-eyed conspiracy
 His time doth take.
 If of life you keep a care,
 Shake off slumber, and beware:
 Awake, awake!

ANTONIO

Then let us both be sudden.

GONZALO

Now, good angels
Preserve the king.

They wake

ALONSO

Why, how now? ho, awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GONZALO

What's the matter?

SEBASTIAN

Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALONSO

I heard nothing.

ANTONIO

O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

ALONSO

Heard you this, Gonzalo?

GONZALO

Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place; let's draw our weapons.

ALONSO

Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.

GONZALO

Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

ALONSO

Lead away.

ETHER

Prospero my lord shall know what we have done:

WATER

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

Exeunt

SCENE II - Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard

CALIBAN

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter TRINCULO

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

TRINCULO

Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing;
If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: What have we
here?

LITTLE TRINCULO

A man or a fish?

TRINCULO

Dead or alive?

LITTLE TRINCULO

A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest
Poor-John.

TRINCULO

A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a
holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man;
any strange beast there makes a man.

The sound of thunder

LITTLE TRINCULO

Alas, the storm is come again!

TRINCULO

Our best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabouts.

LITTLE TRINCULO

Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.

TRINCULO

We will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

They climb under CALIBAN.

Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand

STEPHANO

I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore--
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's
funeral: well, here's my comfort.

Drinks

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did-
This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

Drinks

CALIBAN

Do not torment me: Oh!

STEPHANO

Have we devils here? I have not scaped drowning to be afeard now of your, er, eight legs!

CALIBAN

The spirit torments me; Oh!

STEPHANO

Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for

that. if I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

CALIBAN

Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

STEPHANO

He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore will go near to remove his fit.

CALIBAN

Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prospero works upon thee.

STEPHANO

Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

TRINCULO

I should know that voice: it should be--but he is drowned; and these are devils:

LITTLE TRINCULO

O defend me!

STEPHANO

Eight legs and three voices: a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRINCULO

Stephano!

STEPHANO

Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster!

TRINCULO

Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me: for I am Trinculo.

LITTLE TRINCULO

Be not afeard!

TRINCULO

Thy good friend Trinculo.

STEPHANO

If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

TRINCULO

I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano?

LITTLE TRINCULO

Is the storm overblown? We hid under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano?

TRINCULO

O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped! Well, two and a half...

STEPHANO

Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

CALIBAN

[Aside] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him.

STEPHANO

How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle; which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.

CALIBAN

I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

STEPHANO

Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

TRINCULO

Swum ashore. man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

STEPHANO

Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

TRINCULO

O Stephano. hast any more of this?

STEPHANO

The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

CALIBAN

Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

STEPHANO

Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i'the moon when time was.

CALIBAN

I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee.

STEPHANO

Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents swear.

CALIBAN

I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island;
And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

STEPHANO

Come on then; down, and swear.

TRINCULO

I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed
monster.

LITTLE TRINCULO

A most scurvy monster! I could find in my
heart to beat him,--

STEPHANO

Come, kiss.

TRINCULO

But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

CALIBAN

I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

TRINCULO

A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a
Poor drunkard!

CALIBAN

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

STEPHANO

I prithee now, lead the way without any more
talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company
else being drowned, we will inherit here: here;

bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by
and by again.

CALIBAN

[Sings drunkenly]
Farewell master; farewell, farewell!

LITTLE TRINCULO

A howling monster: a drunken monster!

CALIBAN

No more dams I'll make for fish
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish
'Ban, 'Ban, Calaliban
Has a new master: get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,
hey-day, freedom!

STEPHANO

O brave monster! Lead the way.

Exeunt

ACT III

SCENE I - Before PROSPERO'S Cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log

FERDINAND

This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen

MIRANDA

Alas, now, pray you,

Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoind to pile!

FERDINAND

O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

MIRANDA

If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

FERDINAND

No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

MIRANDA

It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

PROSPERO

Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

MIRANDA

You look wearily.

FERDINAND

No, noble mistress;'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you--
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers--
What is your name?

MIRANDA

Miranda.--O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

FERDINAND

Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues

Have I liked several women; never any
 With so fun soul, but some defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
 And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
 So perfect and so peerless, are created
 Of every creature's best!

MIRANDA

I do not know
 One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
 Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
 More that I may call men than you, good friend,
 And my dear father: how features are abroad,
 I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,
 The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
 Any companion in the world but you,
 Nor can imagination form a shape,
 Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
 Something too wildly and my father's precepts
 I therein do forget.

FERDINAND

I am in my condition
 A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
 I would, not so!--and would no more endure
 This wooden slavery than to suffer
 The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
 The very instant that I saw you, did
 My heart fly to your service; there resides,
 To make me slave to it; and for your sake
 Am I this patient log--man.

MIRANDA

Do you love me?

FERDINAND

O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound
 And crown what I profess with kind event
 If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
 What best is boded me to mischief! I
 Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
 Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRANDA

I am a fool
 To weep at what I am glad of.

PROSPERO

Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

FERDINAND

Wherefore weep you?

MIRANDA

At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

FERDINAND

My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

MIRANDA

My husband, then?

FERDINAND

Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

MIRANDA

And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

FERDINAND

A thousand thousand!

Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA severally

PROSPERO

So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining.

Exit

SCENE II - Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO

STEPHANO

Tell not me; when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

TRINCULO

Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them - three and a half - if th' others be brained like us, the state totters.

STEPHANO

Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

LITTLE TRINCULO

Where should they be set else? He were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

STEPHANO

My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

LITTLE TRINCULO

Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

STEPHANO

Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

CALIBAN

How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him; he's not valiant.

TRINCULO

Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

CALIBAN

Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

TRINCULO

'Lord' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

CALIBAN

Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

STEPHANO

Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,--the next tree! The poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

CALIBAN

I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

STEPHANO

Marry, will I kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible

CALIBAN

As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

FIRE

Thou liest.

CALIBAN

Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.

STEPHANO

Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

TRINCULO

Why, I said nothing.

Little Trinculo shakes his head

CALIBAN

I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. if thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,--for I know thou darest,
But this thing dare not,--

STEPHANO

That's most certain.

CALIBAN

Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

STEPHANO

How now shall this be compassed?
Canst thou bring me to the party?

CALIBAN

Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his bead.

WATER

Thou liest; thou canst not.

CALIBAN

What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

STEPHANO

Trinculo, run into no further danger:
interrupt the monster one word further, and,
by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors
and make a stock-fish of thee.

TRINCULO

Why, what did I?

LITTLE TRINCULO

I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

STEPHANO

Didst thou not say he lied?

EARTH

Thou liest.

STEPHANO

Do I so? take thou that.

Beats TRINCULO

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

TRINCULO

I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and bearing too?

LITTLE TRINCULO

A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.

TRINCULO

A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

CALIBAN

Ha, ha, ha!

STEPHANO

Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther off.

CALIBAN

Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.

STEPHANO

Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I
will be king and queen--save our graces!--and
Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou
like the plot, Trinculo?

TRINCULO

Excellent.

STEPHANO

Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but,
while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CALIBAN

Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

STEPHANO

Ay, on mine honour.

WIND

This will I tell our master.

CALIBAN

Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:

STEPHANO

Lead, monster; we'll follow.

Exeunt

SCENE III - Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, and others

GONZALO

By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: By your patience,
I needs must rest me.

ALONSO

Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANTONIO.

[Aside to SEBASTIAN]
I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

SEBASTIAN.

[Aside to ANTONIO]
The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

ANTONIO.

[Aside to SEBASTIAN]
Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

SEBASTIAN.

[Aside to ANTONIO]
I say, to-night: no more.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIELS, like harpies.

WATER

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you;

ETHER

and on this island

Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. We have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

ALONSO, SEBASTIAN & c. draw their swords

FIRE

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable.

WIND

If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted.

ETHER

But remember--

For that's my business to you--that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed

FIRE

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace.

ETHER

Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from--
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads--is nothing but heart-sorrow

And a clear life ensuing.

They vanish in thunder

ADRIAN

I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

ALONSO

O, it is monstrous, monstrous:
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded.

Exit

SEBASTIAN.

But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

ANTONIO

I'll be thy second.

Exeunt SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

GONZALO

All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Exeunt.

ACT IV

SCENE I Before PROSPERO'S cell.

Enter PROSPERO and ARIELS

PROSPERO.

Bravely the figure of this harpy hast
thou perform'd, my Ariel; my high charms work
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions; they now are in my power;

And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
 Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,
 And his and mine loved darling.

ARIELS hide. Enter FERDINAND and MIRANDA

PROSPERO.

If I have too austerely punish'd you,
 Your compensation makes amends, for I
 Have given you here a third of mine own life,
 Or that for which I live; who once again
 I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
 Were but my trials of thy love and thou
 Hast strangely stood the test here, afore Heaven,
 I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
 Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
 For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
 And make it halt behind her.

FERDINAND.

I do believe it
 Against an oracle.

PROSPERO.

Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
 Worthily purchased take my daughter.
 Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own

PROSPERO

What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIELS

ARIELS ALL

What would, potent master? Here We are.

PROSPERO.

Thou and thy meaner fellow your last service
 Did worthily perform; and I must use you
 In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
 O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
 Incite them to quick motion; for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
 Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

EARTH

Presently?

PROSPERO.

Ay, with a twink.

Exit.

PROSPERO.

Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

FERDINAND.

I warrant you sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

PROSPERO.

Well. Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear and perty!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent.

Music.

ETHER

A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.
Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!

WIND

Juno sings her blessings upon you.

WATER

Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garner never empty,
Vines and clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall
shun you;

WIND

Ceres' blessing so is on you.

FERDINAND

This is a most majestic vision, and

Harmoniously charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

PROSPERO

Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

FERDINAND

Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

PROSPERO

[Aside] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come.

To the Spirits

Well done! avoid; no more!

FERDINAND

This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

MIRANDA

Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

PROSPERO

You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Ye all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

FERDINAND MIRANDA

We wish your peace.

Exeunt

PROSPERO

Come with a thought I thank thee, Ariel: come.

Enter ARIEL

WIND

Thy thoughts we cleave to.

EARTH

What's thy pleasure?

PROSPERO

Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

WATER

I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So fun of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project.

FIRE

Then I beat my tabour;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd
their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music:

ETHER

so I charm'd their ears
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins:

WATER

at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

PROSPERO

This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

ARIELS

We go, We go, We go.

Exit

PROSPERO

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULOS, all wet

CALIBAN

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

STEPHANO

Monster, your fairy, which you say is
a harmless fairy, has done little better than
played the Jack with us.

CALIBAN

Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

LITTLE TRINCULO

Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,--

STEPHANO

There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that,
monster, but an infinite loss.

TRINCULO

That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your
harmless fairy, monster.

STEPHANO

I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears
for my labour.

CALIBAN

Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,

This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
 Do that good mischief which may make this island
 Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
 For aye thy foot-licker.

STEPHANO

Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

TRINCULO

O king Stephano! O peer!

LITTLE TRINCULO

O worthy Stephano!

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on

PROSPERO

Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIELS

Silver I there it goes, Silver!

PROSPERO

Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark!

CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULOS, are driven out

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews

With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them

Than pard or cat o' mountain.

ARIELS

Hark, they roar!

PROSPERO

Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little

Follow, and do me service.

Exeunt

ACT V

SCENE I - Before PROSPERO'S cell.

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIELS

PROSPERO

Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

WIND

On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

PROSPERO

I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?

EARTH

Confined together

WATER

In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release.

ETHER

The king,
His brother and yours, abide all three distracted
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay;

FIRE

but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord Gonzalo;'
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

PROSPERO

Dost thou think so, spirit?

FIRE

Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROSPERO

And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
 Yet with my nobler reason 'gaitist my fury
 Do I take part: the rarer action is
 In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
 And they shall be themselves.

EARTH

I'll fetch them, sir.

Exit

PROSPERO

Graves at my command
 Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic
 I here abjure, and, when I have required
 Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
 To work mine end upon their senses that
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound
 I'll drown my book.

Solemn music

Re-enter ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks:

There stand, for you are spell-stopp'd.
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops. O good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir
 To him you follow'st! I will pay thy graces
 Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
 Thou art pinch'd fort now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
 Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
 Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide

Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
 That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
 That yet looks on me, or would know me Ariel,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
 I will discase me, and myself present
 As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL

sings and helps to attire Prospero

In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

PROSPERO

Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee:
 But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
 To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
 Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
 Being awake, enforce them to this place,
 And presently, I prithee.

WIND

I drink the air before me, and return
 Or ere your pulse twice beat.

Exit

GONZALO

All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
 Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
 Out of this fearful country!

PROSPERO

Behold, sir king,
 The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
 For more assurance that a living prince
 Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
 And to thee and thy company I bid
 A hearty welcome.

ALONSO

Whether thou best he or no,
 Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
 As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse

Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
 The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
 I fear, a madness held me: this must crave,
 An if this be at all, a most strange story.
 Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
 Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
 Be living and be here?

PROSPERO

First, noble friend,
 Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
 Be measured or confined.

GONZALO

Whether this be
 Or be not, I'll not swear.

PROSPERO

You do yet taste
 Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
 Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO
 But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
 I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you
 And justify you traitors: at this time
 I will tell no tales.

SEBASTIAN

[Aside] The devil speaks in him.

PROSPERO

No.
 For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
 Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
 Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
 My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
 Thou must restore.

ALONSO

If thou be'st Prospero,
 Give us particulars of thy preservation;
 How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
 Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost--
 How sharp the point of this remembrance is!--
 My dear son Ferdinand.

PROSPERO

I am woe for't, sir. For I
 Have lost my daughter.

ALONSO

A daughter?
 O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
 The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
 Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
 Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

PROSPERO

In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
 At this encounter do so much admire
 That they devour their reason and scarce think
 Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
 Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
 Been justled from your senses, know for certain
 That I am Prospero and that very duke
 Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
 Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
 To be the lord on't.
 This cell's my court: here have I few attendants
 And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
 My dukedom since you have given me again,
 I will requite you with as good a thing;
 At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
 As much as me my dukedom.

Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess

MIRANDA

Sweet lord, you play me false.

FERDINAND

No, my dear'st love,
 I would not for the world.

MIRANDA

Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
 And I would call it, fair play.

ALONSO

If this prove
 A vision of the Island, one dear son
 Shall I twice lose.

SEBASTIAN

A most high miracle!

FERDINAND

Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;

I have cursed them without cause.

Kneels

ALONSO

Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here.

MIRANDA

O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

PROSPERO

'Tis new to thee.

ALONSO

What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

FERDINAND

Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

ALONSO

O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

PROSPERO

Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

GONZALO

I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you god,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

ALONSO

I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

ALONSO

[To FERDINAND and MIRANDA]

Give me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart

That doth not wish you joy!

GONZALO

Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:

What is the news?

BOATSWAIN

The best news is, that we have safely found

Our king and company; the next, our ship--

Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split--

Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when

We first put out to sea.

ETHER

[Aside to PROSPERO]

Sir, all this service

Have we done since we went.

PROSPERO

[Aside to ARIEL] My tricky spirit!

EARTH

[Aside to PROSPERO]

Was't well done?

PROSPERO

[Aside to ARIEL]

Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

ALONSO

Verily, then sir, and ready our ship.

Exit BOATSWAIN

This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod

And there is in this business more than nature

Was ever conduct of: some oracle

Must rectify our knowledge.

PROSPERO

Sir, my liege,

Do not infest your mind with beating on

The strangeness of this business; be cheerful
And think of each thing well.

Aside to ARIEL

Come hither, spirits:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell.

Exit ARIEL

How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO

STEPHANO

Every man shift for all the rest, and
let no man take care for himself; for all is
but fortune. Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

TRINCULO

If these be true spies which I wear in my head,
here's a goodly sight.

CALIBAN

O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

SEBASTIAN

Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

ANTONIO

Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

PROSPERO

Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have plotted
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness!
Acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN

I shall be pinch'd to death.

ALONSO

Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN

He is drunk now: where had he wine?

ALONSO

And Trinculos both reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How camest thou in this pickle?

LITTLE TRINCULO

I have been in such a pickle since I
saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of
my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

SEBASTIAN

Why, how now, Stephano!

STEPHANO

O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

PROSPERO

You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

STEPHANO

I should have been a sore one then.

ALONSO

This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

Pointing to Caliban

PROSPERO

He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CALIBAN

Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!

PROSPERO

Go to; away!

Exeunt CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO

PROSPERO

Sir, I invite your highness and your train
 To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
 For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
 With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
 Go quick away; the story of my life
 And the particular accidents gone by
 Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
 I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
 Where I have hope to see the nuptial
 Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
 And thence retire me to my Milan, where
 Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALONSO

I long
 To hear the story of your life, which must
 Take the ear strangely.

PROSPERO

I'll deliver all;
 And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
 And sail so expeditious that shall catch
 Your royal fleet far off.

Aside to ARIEL

My Ariels,
 That is thy charge: then to the elements
 Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

Exeunt

EPILOGUE SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
 And what strength I have's mine own,
 Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
 I must be here confined by you,
 Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
 Since I have my dukedom got
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
 In this bare island by your spell;
 But release me from my bands
 With the help of your good hands:
 Gentle breath of yours my sails
 Must fill, or else my project fails,
 Which was to please. Now I want
 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,

And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.